

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER FOR TRANSMISSION IN THE UNITED KINGDOM AND TO CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND BY MAGAZINE POST.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 20, 1921.

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AT THE DUG-OUT IN WHICH THEY MAY HAVE TO PASS THE WINTER ON A DIET OF STRAW, MUD, AND GRASS "BREAD": PEASANTS IN FAMINE-STRICKEN RUSSIA.

On other pages of this issue will be found a number of remarkable exclusive photographs illustrating the plight of the peasants on the Russian-Polish frontier. A great portion of the country has been devastated, and the inhabitants, who

are in a state of starvation, have no other shelter than dug-outs into which to crawl and die. The state of the children is especially pitiful. A special convention of Red Cross Societies is now sitting in Geneva, to discuss relief.

PHOTOGRAPH BY COLONEL F. L. THOMPSON, OF THE AMERICAN RELIEF ADMINISTRATION.



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

A PARAGRAPH in the newspapers reports, I know not with how much truth, that the Minister controlling education in the present Russian régime has ordered the elimination of references to angels, devils, and even fairies. The paragraph states that "angels are to be supplanted by scientists and technicians who have

fun. But if dislike of fairies is simply dislike of fun, it does not follow that we can extend this generalisation to all spirits or supernatural beings. The paragraph also mentions angels and devils, who are not always fun. And there are spiritual powers very busy just now with tables and tambourines; powers which some accept as if they were angels, and others shrewdly suspect of only being devils. And it is not always true that these are only fun, even when they are funny.

And this brings us to a dilemma which such sceptics ignore, or perhaps avoid. It is all very well to tell us to dismiss the spirits and to summon the scientists. But suppose, when we have summoned the scientists, they immediately proceed to summon the spirits. Suppose we have called in Sir Oliver Lodge as a chemist, and he instantly begins to perform occult and cabalistic rites like an alchemist. Suppose we had asked Sir William Crookes, in a friendly way, to explain to us the laws of physics, and he had only told us domestic anecdotes about tables walking upstairs with a personal agility difficult to explain even by metaphysics. Suppose, for the sake of argument, that the Bolshevik Minister of Education were bitten by a mad dog. Some would say that there would not be much to choose between the combatants; or that, as the poet says, it is the dog that would die. But surely the Minister would agree, in that case at least, that it is "serving humanity" to save it from hydrophobia. He would probably go in for the Pasteur treatment; that is, he would put himself under the direction of a scientist and technician who not only believed in angels and devils, but who proudly declared that his beliefs were identical with those of a Breton peasant.

In short, it seems clear that an appeal to the scientists will be less and less safe for the materialists. This sort of Marxian is generally a materialist; and this sort of material-

ist is generally rather behind the times. We are not very likely to see scientific educationists really persuading people to delete all the ghosts and fairies in Shakespeare. We are far more likely to see scientific psychologists making a sympathetic study of all the ghosts and fairies in Warwickshire. It is not at all likely that, when "Hamlet" is acted a hundred years hence, the ghost story will be rationalised into a case of premature burial. It is much more likely that the ghost will be taken much too seriously, in comparison with real psychical experiments; just as Hamlet himself is dissected with absurd solemnity in relation to psychoanalysis. Scientists are already analysing the dreams of the Danish dreamer; and forgetting that he is himself only a dream. In the same way they are quite capable of arranging psychical tests for the ghost, and forgetting that he is only the ghost of a notion. The modern mind is so morbidly fond of the supernatural that it is half-inclined to believe it even when it is avowedly the imaginary. During the war, it is said that a whole popular legend arose out of one excellent short story written by Mr. Arthur Machen. The Marxian educationist has enormously underrated his own task. He betrays it even when he uses phrases like the rooting

out of old superstitions. What he has now to deal with is the problem of new superstitions. It is not merely that the scientist will have to restrain the poet from poetry and the artist from art, though that alone looks rather like a war on civilisation, and even on the mind of man. It is also that the scientist will have to restrain another scientist from investigating what he regards as a science. He will have to veto everything psychological, lest it should become psychical. He must forbid men to study dreams, lest they go on to study visions. In short, he must put himself against things that are, in a rather particular degree, the new interests of mankind. I do not worship things because they are new; but he does. I am not particularly afraid of being out of the fashion; but that is exactly the thing that this sort of man is almost always afraid of. And I do not myself particularly sympathise with most of the new schools of spiritualistic inquiry; I think them crude and impudent and irreverent. But this sort of man passes his life in praising things for being crude and impudent and irreverent. He has tied himself in a tangle of his own tests and principles.

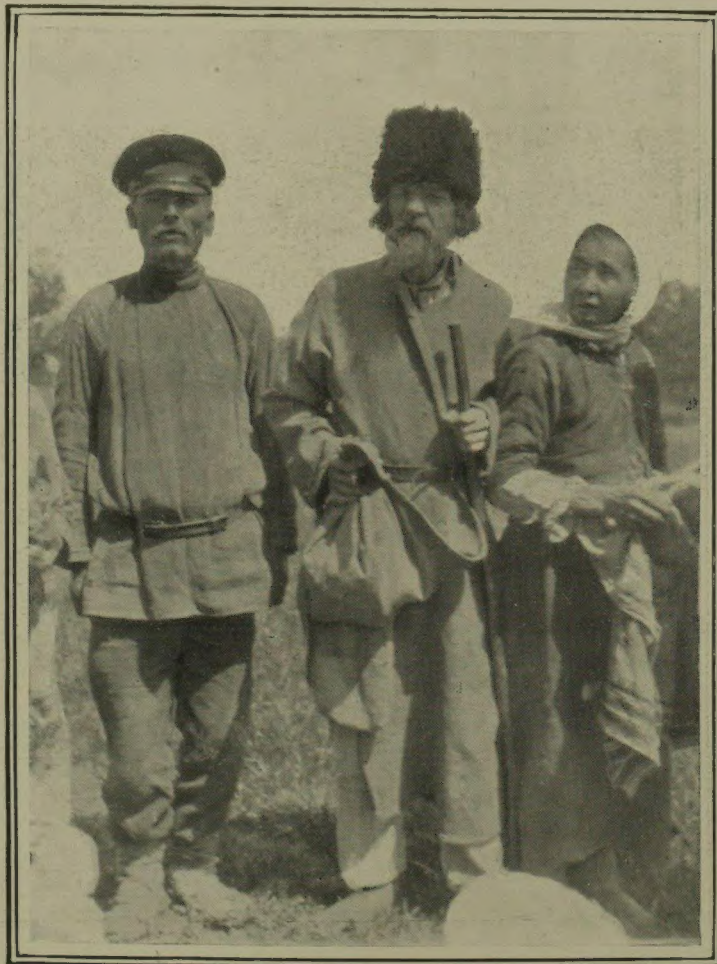
Whether or no there is any truth in the solemn tomfoolery attributed to the Bolshevik educator, there are undoubtedly materialists still surviving in the modern world who have some such absurd ideal of rooting out all superstition. Even if they could root out all religion, it is very doubtful if they could root out all superstition. All that the process ever does is to destroy the happier and healthier legends, and leave the darker and more degraded ones. Thus the Puritans largely succeeded in destroying the belief in saints and encouraging the belief in witches. Thus the industrial nineteenth century took away from the funeral the cross and candles, and left only the black plumes and the mutes. And thus the most pagan part of the modern world retains a mass of meaningless omens of misfortune, which once had a relation to happier mysteries. Men call Friday unlucky without remembering why it is called good; and talk about thirteen without thinking of the Twelve Apostles.



ORPHANED BY THE COLLAPSE OF THE ROOF OF THE DUG-OUT WHICH SHELTERED HER FATHER AND MOTHER: A GIRL VICTIM OF THE FAMINE IN BOLSHEVIST RUSSIA. On other pages of this issue will be found a collection of exclusive photographs of victims of the terrible famine in Russia, taken by Colonel F. L. Thompson, of the American Relief Administration.

served humanity." I do not know whether this substitution is to be literal in every case where such things are mentioned. In that case the condition of the great literature of the past would be rather curious. Perhaps Titania, instead of saying, "What angel," will say, "What technician wakes me from my flowery bed?" Which might be appropriate enough, even to Bottom; for the old-fashioned weaver was not only a technician, but often an excellent technician. Perhaps Horatio will avoid the mention of angels by saying to the dying Hamlet, "Good-night, sweet prince; and flights of scientists sing thee to thy rest." But I gather from the same context that the phrase "sweet prince" would also be open to objection; as one of the educational principles there laid down is that "princely heroes" are to be shown in their true colours as despots and oppressors. In that case Horatio will have to say "sour prince," I suppose, or suggest the despotic and oppressive character of Hamlet in some other fashion. It is probable, however, that the passage does not refer primarily to princes like the Prince of Denmark. I suspect that it refers to that friend of our childhood, the prince of the old folk tale; the young man who travels for seven miles and comes to seven gates guarded by seven dragons, and passes through all sorts of perils, which are marked at once by moral heroism and mathematical symmetry. It is he who is to be exhibited in his true colours as a despot and oppressor; as a despot of elfland and an oppressor of seven-headed dragons. As he is rather a remote as well as a romantic figure, it may be a little difficult for historians to discover what were his true colours. His true colours, so far as I am concerned, are silver and gold and crimson, and all the colours of the rainbow. But the educationists in question evidently insist that every prince was a Black Prince.

Now I suppose that such reformers are content to have no fairy-tales, being content to have no



IN THE FAMINE-DEVASTATED DISTRICTS OF BOLSHEVIST RUSSIA: A TYPICAL GROUP.

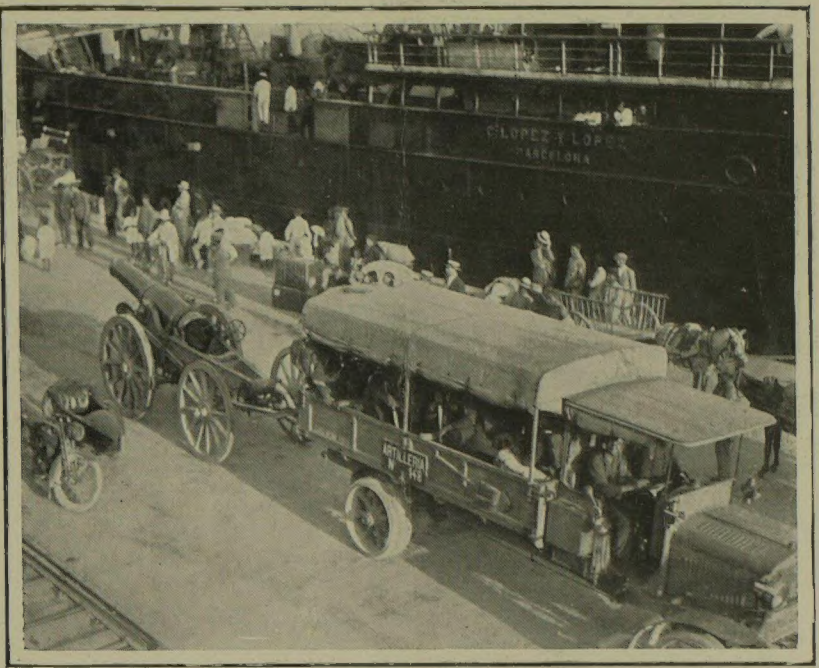
Photographs by Colonel F. L. Thompson, of the American Relief Administration.

THE MILITANT SIDE OF THE PEACE! "WAR" PICTURES.

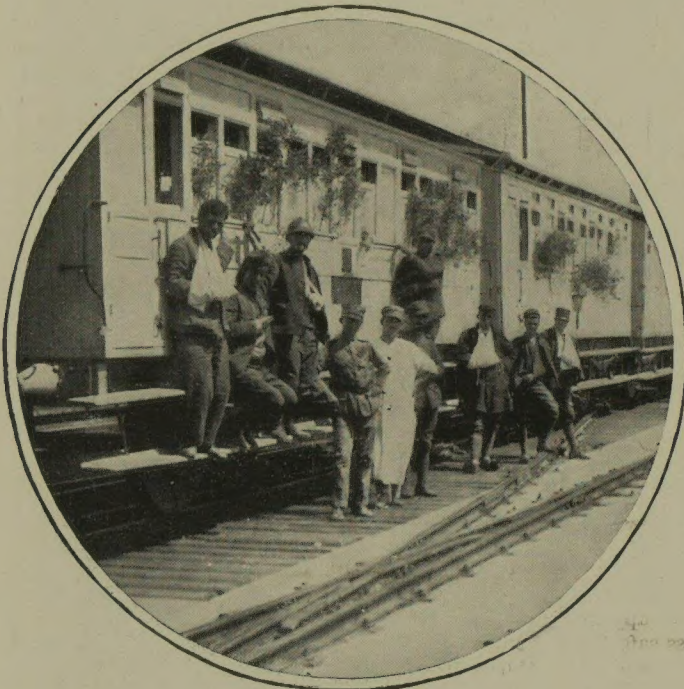
PHOTOGRAPHS BY CENTRAL NEWS, TOPICAL, AND C. G. GREY.



WITH TROOPS IN "TIN HATS" LINING THE STREETS: THE GERMAN PRESIDENT EBERT AT THE CONSTITUTION DAY CELEBRATIONS IN BERLIN.



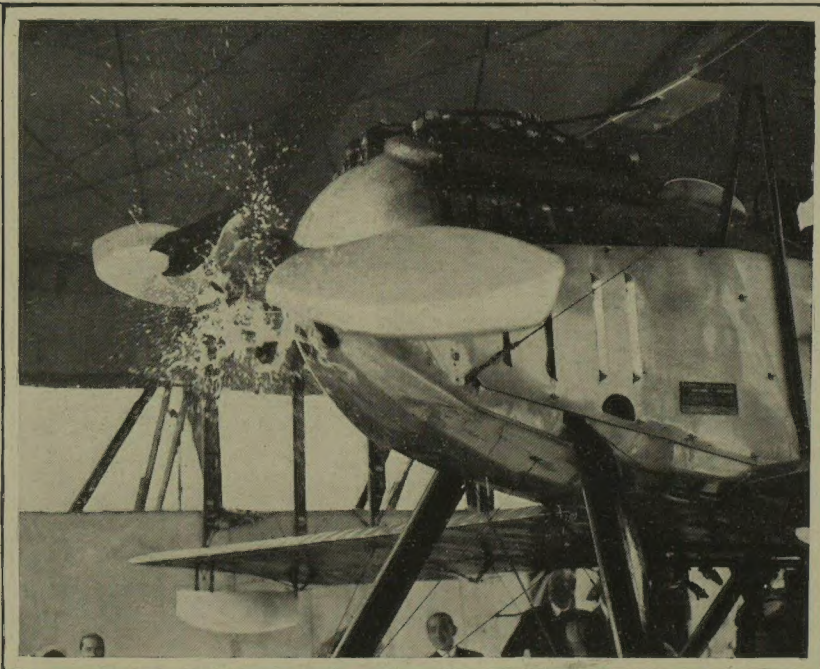
WHERE, A WAR AGAINST THE RIFF TRIBES OF MOROCCO STILL CONTINUES: LANDING SPANISH HEAVY ARTILLERY AT THE PORT OF MELILLA



IN ANOTHER PLACE WHERE A "STATE OF WAR" IS STILL EXISTENT: A GREEK HOSPITAL TRAIN IN ASIA MINOR.



CELEBRATING A VICTORY AGAINST THE ANGORA TURKS IN SMYRNA: A DEMONSTRATION BY GREEKS IN THE STREET



BAPTISED WITH A BOTTLE OF CHAMPAGNE BROKEN OVER THE PROPELLER: THE FIRST NAVAL SEAPLANE FOR AUSTRALIA LAUNCHED AT SOUTHAMPTON.

Although nearly three years have passed since the signing of the Armistice which was to bring lasting peace to the world, there are still little wars in progress, preparations for wars to come, and pageants of a warlike nature, as testified by the photographs on this page.—At the celebrations of the second anniversary of the adoption of the Constitution and the present Republican Government in Berlin last week, President Ebert and his Chancellor walked to the Opera House



NAMED THE "MARY," BY THE WIFE OF THE AUSTRALIAN PREMIER: THE A.N.A.1. TAKING THE WATER FOR THE FIRST TIME

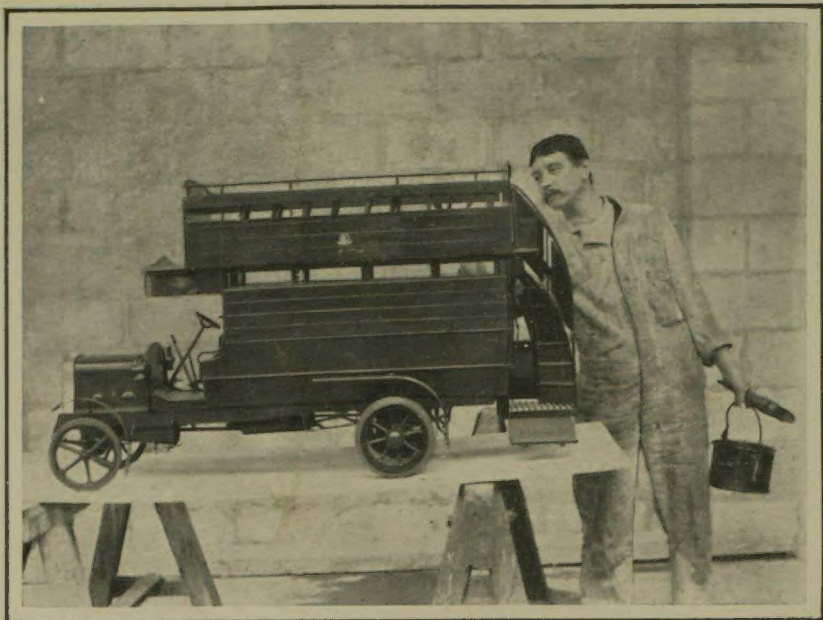
for the festivities through a guard of honour in full war kit.—In Morocco the Spaniards are still meeting with much difficulty in their attempts to quell the rising of the rebel Riff tribes, and have been forced back to Melilla.—Greece is launching a fresh attack against the Turks in Asia Minor.—Australia's first naval aircraft has been launched at Southampton by Mrs. Hughes, the wife of the Australian Premier.

TWO "WONDER" SHIPS; THE LAST TEST; AND OTHER NEWS.

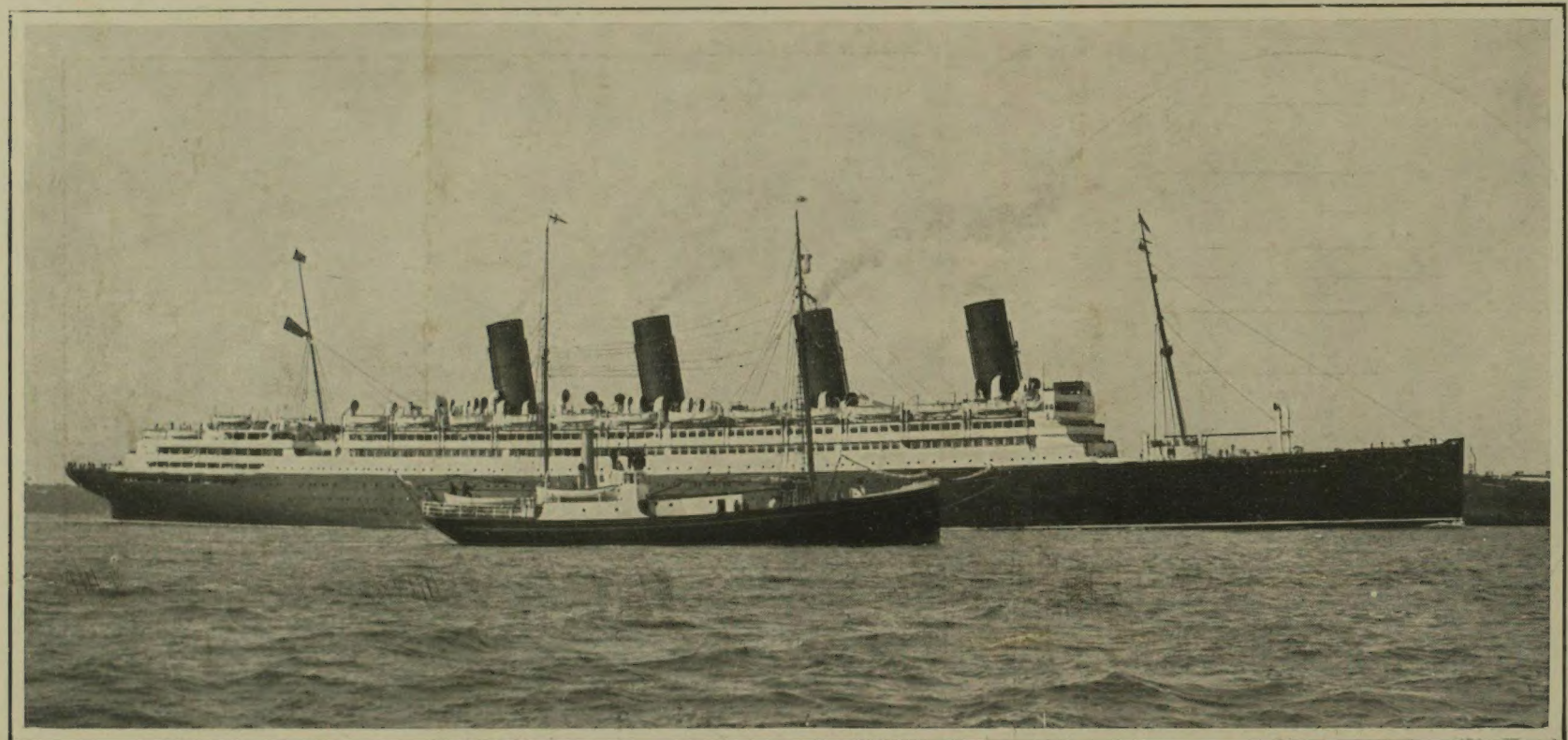
PHOTOGRAPHS BY BRITISH ILLUSTRATIONS, TOPICAL, I.B., AND CENTRAL NEWS.



WINNER OF A CYCLE-CAR HANDICAP IN WHICH SHE BEAT MANY MEN COMPETITORS: MISS ADDIS-PRICE AT BROOKLANDS.



IN MEMORY OF "OLD BILL," THE WAR OMNIBUS WHICH CARRIED INFANTRY TO THE FRONT: A MODEL FOR THE IMPERIAL WAR MUSEUM.



TWO WONDER SHIPS IN STRIKING CONTRAST IN SOUTHAMPTON WATER: THE HUGE ATLANTIC LINER "AQUITANIA" BESIDE THE "QUEST," IN WHICH SIR ERNEST SHACKLETON IS SHORTLY SAILING FOR THE ANTARCTIC.



REAL ENTHUSIASTS AT THE LAST TEST MATCH IN LONDON: THE CROWD UNDER UMBRELLAS WAITING FOR THE RAIN TO STOP.

Miss D. Addis-Price, on a Douglas cycle-car, has won the Essex Junior Handicap at Brooklands, beating many men competitors.—A model of "Old Bill," the war omnibus which carried infantry to the front in France, is to be presented to the Imperial War Museum by the London General Omnibus Company.—The middle photograph on this page shows, in curious contrast, the little "Quest," in which Sir Ernest Shackleton is shortly sailing for the Antarctic, and the huge

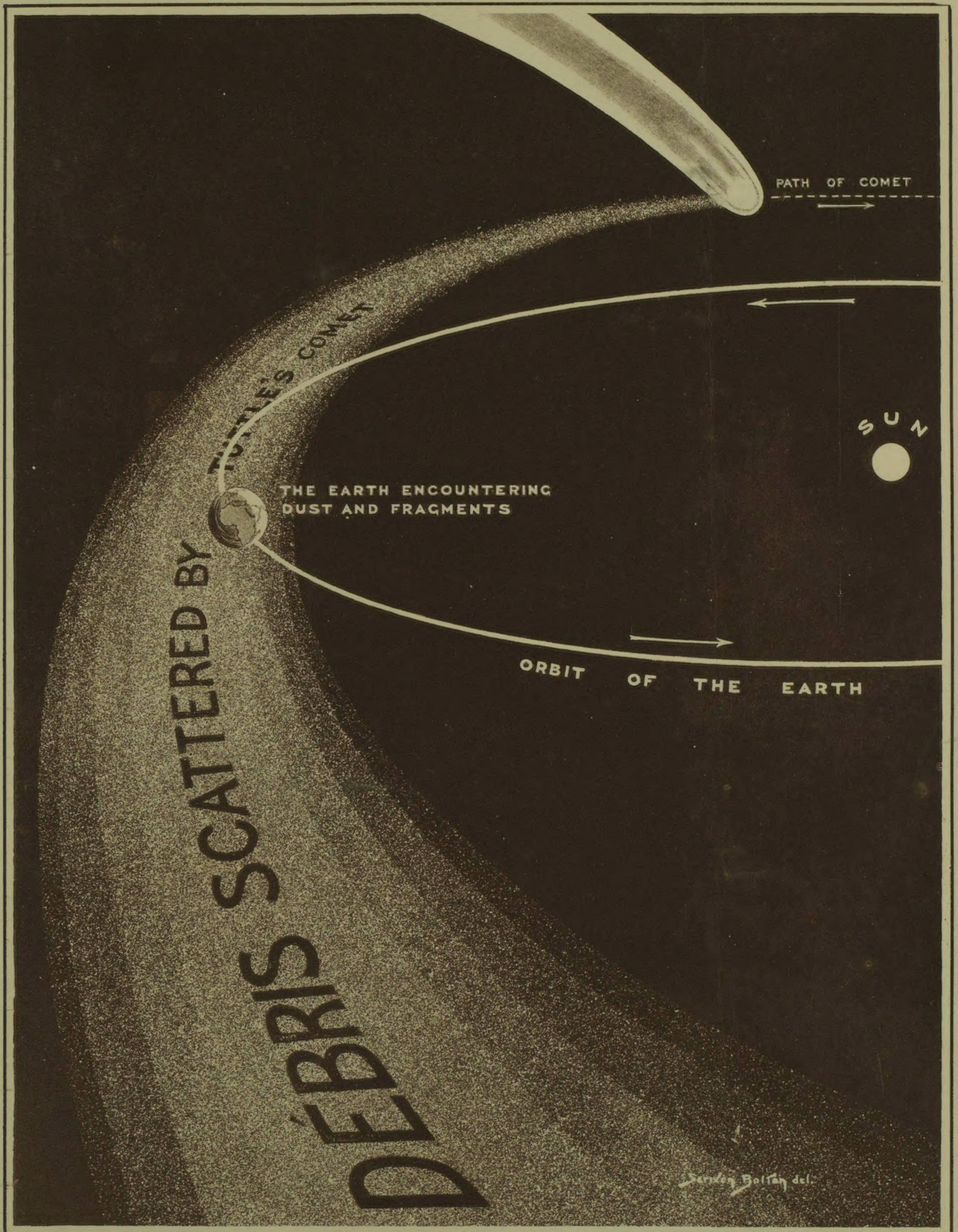


DURING THE REGRETTABLE IMPATIENCE OF THE CROWD AT THE OVAL: TENNYSON GOING OUT TO INSPECT THE WICKET UNDER POLICE PROTECTION.

Cunard liner "Aquitania," in Southampton Water.—There were regrettable scenes on the first day of the last cricket Test Match at the Oval. Owing to the heavy rain, play was impossible for some hours, and demonstrations of very unsportsmanlike impatience were given by a large section of the crowd, who assembled outside the pavilion and clamoured for a premature continuation of play. Many were dissatisfied at the lowest price of admission—three shillings.

THE AUGUST METEORS: DUE TO DÉBRIS CROSSING THE EARTH'S PATH.

DRAWN BY SCRIVEN BOLTON, F.R.A.S.



A RELIC OF TUTTLE'S COMET (1862): THE ANNUAL DISPLAY OF SHOOTING STARS CAUSED BY STONE AND IRON FRAGMENTS ENTERING OUR ATMOSPHERE AT 30 MILES A SECOND.

The shooting stars which have been visible during the present month are an annual display. They are really meteorites and the debris of the comet discovered by Tuttle in 1862, and the collision of the earth's atmosphere with these stone and iron fragments produces the showers of stars which are always seen in August. In some notes accompanying his drawing, Mr. Scriven Bolton writes: "When a comet has once become a member of our Solar System, it commences to disintegrate, by reason of the unequal forces which act upon the loose particles. Being finally disaggregated, the fragments of the comet are scattered along the entire orbit, thus forming a huge elliptical ring of debris round the sun. It is now known that the August meteor shower is due to the trail of debris left behind by Tuttle's Comet in its process of disintegration. When this comet

visited the Solar System in 1862, it was being rapidly shattered to pieces. The disintegrated matter lies across the earth's orbit as shown above. In August of each year our globe meets the full force of the enormous shoal of stones, lumps of iron, dust, etc. On entering our atmosphere at the rate of something like thirty miles a second, these fragments are rendered incandescent, and vaporised. Thus we have the phenomenon of shooting stars. This annual encounter is termed the Perseid meteoric shower. The display is visible each night, emanating from the constellation Perseus, which, in the early hours, is low down in the N.E., but rises higher each hour. The heights of meteors when first seen are usually less than 90 miles above the surface of the earth, and about 40 miles at disappearance."—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

WITH THE GUNS ON THE TWELFTH: GROUSE -

PHOTOGRAPHS



THE PRELUDE TO THE DAY'S SPORT: GUESTS OF LORD LONSDALE AT BIRBECK LODGE



WALKING TO THE BUTTS ON SHAP FELL: MR. AND MRS. A. H. STRAKER BEFORE THE THIRD DRIVE.



IN ACTION: LORD ELPHINSTONE AT WORK IN HIS BUTT.



THE LUNCH ON THE MOOR: THE COMPANY OF LOADERS AND KEEPERS.



ON THE WAY TO THE SECOND BEAT: LORD MAR AND KELLIE, SIR WILLIAM BASS, AND LORD ELPHINSTONE.



ON HER PONY: LADY NOREEN BASS, WIFE OF SIR WILLIAM BASS.

DRIVING ON A FAMOUS CUMBERLAND MOOR.

BY S. AND G.



WITH SOME OF THE GROUSE WHICH FELL TO HIS GUN: THE EARL OF MAR AND KELLIE.



ACCOMPANIED BY RETRIEVERS; BEATERS, LOADERS, AND GUNS.



OUTSIDE THE LUNCHEON HUT: LORD LONSDALE (RIGHT) AND HIS GUESTS.



READY FOR THE BUSINESS OF THE DAY: LORD LONSDALE WAITING IN HIS BUTT.



TAKING A BIRD FROM THE MOUTH OF HIS RETRIEVER: LORD LONSDALE.



SOME OF THE FIRST GROUSE OF THIS SEASON: PART OF THE SHAP FELL BAG LAID OUT FOR INSPECTION.

The opening of the grouse-shooting season is the most important date in the calendar of sport. Guns have been silent since the last of the pheasant shoots, and they are brought out on the 12th with a thrill of excitement, which never fails to stir even the most experienced sportsman. This year the Festival of Saint Grouse was a dull day, and in many cases the sport was spoiled by the rain. Some excellent bags, however, were made in Scotland and North Wales. The Earl of Lonsdale shot over his Shap Fell moors on the 12th. The weather was bad and rain fell most of the day, but the birds were healthy, strong, and numerous, and the bag obtained was satisfactory. The

house party at Lowther Castle included Lord and Lady Jersey, Lord and Lady Mar and Kellie, Lord Lonsborough, Lord Huntley, and Mr. and Mrs. Straker, some of whom are shown on our pages. Our photographs illustrate the scenes of a day's grouse-driving, and show the guns in the butts, and walking across the moors between the drives. Ponies are sometimes brought for the use of the ladies or those who find a long tramp across rough ground too tiring between the drives. The guns and the ladies who come out to watch, and the sporting retinue of keepers, loaders, and beaters all met at Birbeck Lodge before the day's work began.

BOOKS OF THE DAY

By J. D. SYMON.

FULL-DRESS British biography (not autobiography) may still merit occasionally Carlyle's back-handed benediction—"Bless its mealy mouth!"—but the

light personal sketch, now a literary fashion, is nothing if not frank. Where Mr. Lytton Strachey has shown the way so ably, quite a goodly company of skirmishers is now following with outspoken personalities that manage to combine perfect candour with perfect tact. The movement is healthy, and its pioneers, if they continue wise, may even become more or less wealthy, for their writings supply a real human need. Whitehall and the Peace Conference afford the main part of their inspiration to gentlemen with dusters and the like, who polish the mirror for statesmen and bureaucrats, and bid these mighty ones behold themselves in all their native

born lieutenant and buffer), receive faithful dealing not unmingled with admiration. But the best of the portraits, best in vigour and insight, is that of Monsieur Clemenceau—"all through his life a man-eating tiger: he has borne down, clawed, and destroyed one French statesman after another, and one group of French Ministers after another." The prevailing expression of his eyes—

is one of sadness, almost of suffering . . . but they are not sympathetic, those piercing, sad brown eyes: they are the eyes of the cynic whose vision has pierced life to the quick, who has no illusions, no tender remembrances, who has ceased to rely upon mankind for help or sympathy; of one who, fighting all his life alone, against great odds, still finds himself at the end of it alone and still fighting.

Clemenceau loves solitude passionately. "It is as if he had tried everything life has to offer and found it wanting—the same instinct, perhaps, which would have driven a more religious man into a monastery." His aggressive irreligion cost him the Presidency. That was not the only time the Church got back on this mocker. The nuns next door cut down a tree in their garden because it blocked the light from M. Clemenceau's windows. When he sent his thanks, the Mother Superior replied, "Well, we could not bear the idea of anything standing between M. Clemenceau and Heaven."

"Out of Africa always something new." The proverb, if a trifle threadbare, continues to justify itself in recent books, one of which is already familiar in part to readers of this journal. The full story of Mrs. Rosita Forbes's journey in the Libyan desert sustains the promise of the outlines previously published, and "THE SECRET OF THE SAHARA: KUFARA" (Cassell; 25s.) forms a sparkling addition to the library of African travel, although it will not stand in the very fore-front of travellers' tales. It is the record of one woman's pluck and indomitable endurance in the effort to reach the forbidden head-

quarters of the Senussi sect. Mrs. Forbes had by way of credentials a letter from the Emir Idris es Senussi expressing willingness to receive her and her travelling companion, Ahmed Mohammed Bey Hassanein, but the document was in no sense a permit. It was supplemented, however, by a passport obtained from the Emir's brother, Sayed Rida, at Jedabia, and these two informal papers helped the expedition wonderfully. But the trump card was Mrs. Forbes's own resolution and resource, which with the constant support of Ahmed Bey (formerly of Balliol) won success where the German explorer Rohlf failed dismally forty years ago. Mrs. Forbes had to pass as the Sitt Khadija, "a Moslem working for the good of Islam and the Senussi"; she wore Arab dress, and acted so well the part of a true daughter of the Prophet that she won confidence, if she did not altogether escape suspicion. The hardships of the journey—hunger, thirst, extremes of heat and cold, troubles with transport and attendants, brought their own recompense to a daring woman. "She is mad," said an Emir on hearing of her project. "If she could get to Kufara, she could get to any place in heaven or earth."

Mrs. Forbes got to Kufara, and will be heard of again elsewhere.

Another African book, not of exploration but of observation, confesses to the fascination of the Dark Continent, South, not North this time. In "MY SOUTH AFRICAN YEAR" (Mills and Boon; 10s. 6d.), Mr. Charles Dawbarn explains the attraction the country has for him. "It is a land of perpetual surprise, the land of vivid contrasts, the land where you are sure something is going to happen. And generally it does." Mr. Dawbarn describes Cape Town and Pretoria as they are to-day. Cape Town he finds cosmopolitan; Pretoria is still the "Dutch dorp." It keeps its old provincial air. But for all that, "the town has 'official pretension' and is 'the equal of the Southern capital in political authority.'" In fact, the Pretorian will call Cape Town "the dead end of things."

Johannesburg, although still more material than spiritual, is no longer the abode of millionaires. "Gold is no longer the unchallenged god," and Mr. Dawbarn assures us that "Johannesburg is the centre whence radiate all the movements having for their intention the betterment of the black man." The racial question is discussed in considerable detail. "The distance between the negro and his masters is lessening daily. They must bend and take him by the hand." The author states this difficult case with the same judgment and tact that he displays in handling the question of Boer and Briton. One of the pleasantest chapters in a pleasant book is "The Charm of Rhodesia." Mr. Dawbarn's work makes for the better understanding of South Africa by the people at home, and promotes the unity of the Union.



IN THE NEW VERSION OF "CHRISTOPHER SLY": MR. MATHESON LANG IN THE NAME-PART; MISS FLORENCE SAUNDERS AS DOLLY.

In Forzano's play, "Christopher Sly," which is due for production at Manchester next Monday, August 22, and at the New Theatre, London, on August 31, Sly is conceived as a fantastic rhymester with a deeper side to his nature which he effectually conceals from his companions. He thus differs from Shakespeare's Christopher Sly in "The Taming of the Shrew."—[Photograph by Dorothy Wilding.]

comeliness. It is a good game, worth watching, and not unlikely in the fulness of time to harden the mouths of full-dress biographers aforesaid.

A deft practitioner in this line is the author of "MAKERS OF THE NEW WORLD" (Cassell; 7s. 6d.), who seeks a qualified anonymity. "By one who knows them," he says, and there is no doubt he describes himself correctly. He has seen the Makers at close quarters during the long months when Peace (more or less) was a-making in Paris, and here we have the benefit of his observations set down with vigour, point, and wit. The first portrait—that of Mr. Lloyd George—goes a long way to explain why the Prime Minister is still in office, although the author does not raise that point openly. "Contact with Lloyd George is the acid test whether a man has fallen into a groove. The average civil servant throws up his hands in despair." Of M. Briand it is said that "he and Mr. Lloyd George have the same power of reconciling people who are not quite at one in their opinions." Yet Briand is "a blend of Lloyd George's mental equipment and the temperament of Mr. Asquith." On one occasion, Briand slept while Asquith opened a conference; then when Briand took his turn to speak, Asquith slumbered. President Wilson appears as "a curious mixture of arrogance and idealism, which trod like a hob-nailed boot upon the finer senses." In a Conference speech Wilson actually asserted that the world would see that the League of Nations was going to succeed where Christianity had failed. In fairness be it noted that later the President had this deleted from the Reports. He attempted too much in Paris, and did not know how to delegate work to others. His has been the failure of the clumsy idealist who carried his projects through with sheer force to a point. By a little statesmanlike and diplomatic action he might have won his countrymen's support for the League. "But his arrogance and his impetuosity dominated." Marshal Foch, Mr. Balfour, Mr. Hughes, Sir Henry Wilson and Sir William Robertson, Sir Maurice Hankey (the heaven-born Secretary), and Mr. Philip Kerr (the heaven-



RESCUED OFF GREENLAND BY THE KING OF DENMARK: KNUD RASMUSSEN, THE DANISH ARCTIC EXPLORER AND AUTHOR.

Knud Rasmussen, the Danish explorer, is now on an Arctic expedition. His ship ran aground off the coast of Greenland in July, during the King of Denmark's visit. A wireless message brought the King to the rescue. A volume of Eskimo folk-tales, by Knud Rasmussen and W. Worster, is shortly to be published in English (Gyldendal).



ERECTED IN WALES TO THE MEMORY OF THE MOTHER OF THE AUSTRALIAN PREMIER: A WINDOW UNVEILED BY MRS. LLOYD GEORGE.

Mrs. Lloyd George has unveiled a memorial window at Llansaintffraid in memory of Mrs. Hughes, the mother of the Australian Premier. The inscription reads, "Dedicated to the glory of God and in memory of his mother, Jane Hughes, a native of this parish, by the Right Hon. W. M. Hughes, Prime Minister of the Commonwealth of Australia, 1921." The arms on the side-windows are of the different States of Australia.

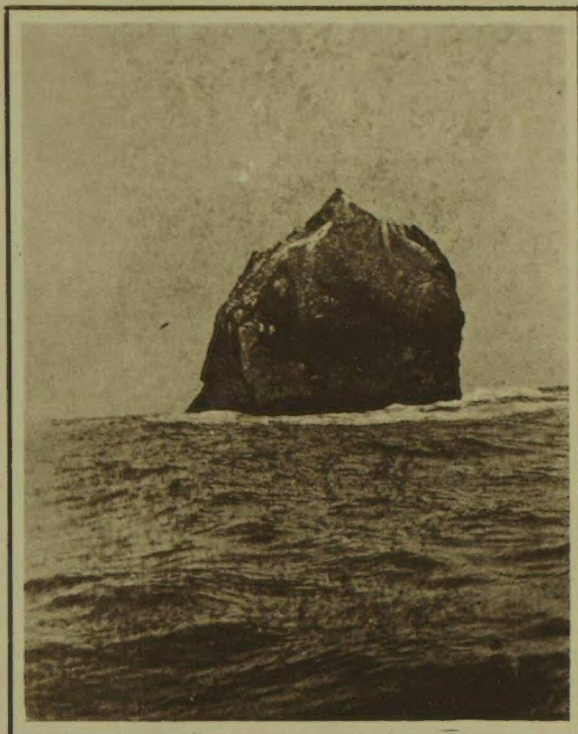
Photograph by H. Gyton.

A PEAK OF LOST ATLANTIS? THE FRENCH LANDING ON ROCKALL.

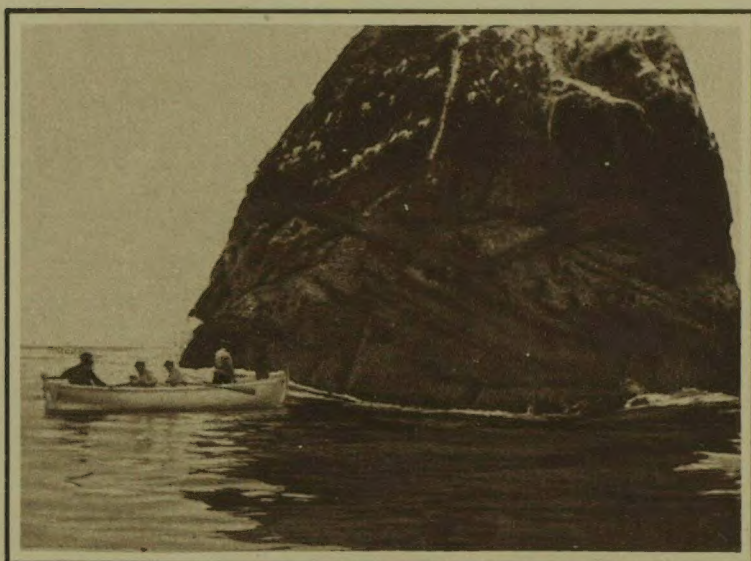
DRAWINGS BY PIERRE LE CONTE; PHOTOGRAPHS BY M. HAMEL (MEMBERS OF DR. CHARCOT'S EXPEDITION).



SHOWING DR. CHARCOT'S FAMOUS ANTARCTIC SHIP, THE "POURQUOI PAS?" FROM WHICH THE LANDINGS WERE MADE: ROCKALL—A DEADLY PERIL TO MARINERS



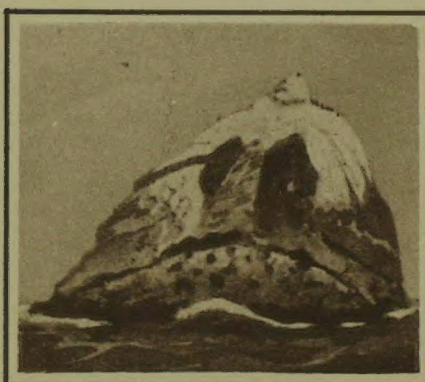
PHOTOGRAPHED BY A BRITISH OFFICER ON PATROL DUTY DURING THE WAR: ROCKALL.



WHERE ONLY FIVE PREVIOUS LANDINGS HAD EVER BEEN MADE: THE WHALE-BOAT OF THE "POURQUOI PAS?" APPROACHING ROCKALL.



WITH ITS ONLY INHABITANTS—THE SEA-BIRDS: THE TOP OF ROCKALL (ABOUT 75 FEET ABOVE WATER) ONLY THrice CLIMBED BY MAN.



BEFORE Dr. Charcot's expedition, only five authenticated landings on Rockall had been recorded. The operation is hazardous, as the sea is generally rough, while the rock is steep, and on one side (the eastern) perpendicular. The base is about a hundred yards in circumference. The first known landing was made in July 1810 by a party from H.M.S. "Endymion," who brought away fragments of rock that are still preserved. The next was in August 1862, when a boat from H.M.S. "Porcupine" reached the islet, and one man managed to land. In 1887 and 1888 respectively two fishermen from the Faroe Islands landed and succeeded in climbing the rock. In 1888 also the skipper of a Grimsby fishing-smack landed, and is reported to have reached the top. He estimated the height at seventy-eight feet, but it is now put at some

[Continued in Box 2.]



Continued.]

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three feet less. When, Dr. Charcot visited Rockall last June, two separate landings were made, in each case by two different members of the expedition. Four men in all went on to the rock, but did not climb it. They chose the precipitous side, the sea being calmer there, as our photographs show. The rock and the submerged reefs connected with it are a deadly peril to mariners, and it is said that no lighthouse could possibly

[Continued in Box 3.]



Continued.]

3

be built on it. In 1904 a terrible disaster occurred there. The Danish emigrant ship "Norge" struck a reef in foggy weather and sank in a few minutes, with a loss of 600 lives. Rockall is associated with the legend of St. Brandan, the sixth-century Irish monk. There is a tradition that he landed on it, and found there a hermit named Paul. Matthew Arnold's poem, "St. Brandan," describes his finding Judas on an iceberg.

ASSOCIATED WITH LEGENDS OF THE "LOST LANDS" OF THE ATLANTIC AND THE VOYAGE OF ST. BRANDAN: ROCKALL, PROBABLY THE PEAK OF A VAST SUBMERGED PLATEAU—SHOWING ITS SHEER EASTERN FACE AND OTHER SIDES.

Two landings on the lonely islet of Rockall, 300 miles west of the Hebrides, and 260 miles north of Ireland, were recently made by members of an expedition led thither by Dr. Charcot, the famous French explorer, in his ship the "Pourquoi Pas?" in which he made his second Antarctic voyage in 1908. They obtained some interesting specimens of "rockallite"—the unique stone of the islet—and sea-weed; while the naturalist of the party, M. Hamel, took observations of sea-birds and rock formations, and valuable oceanographic information was obtained by soundings and dredgings in the waters round the islet. Rockall is believed

to be the highest point of a submerged plateau about 100 miles long by 50 broad, and the fact that shallow-water shells have been dredged from depths where they could not have lived indicates that the sea there was once shallower. Science thus supports the legend that Rockall was once part of the "lost lands" of the Atlantic. In 1896 an expedition to it was made by the Rev. W. Spotswood Green. He failed to land, but found evidence of the "Sunken Land of Buss," which had been sighted by one of Frobisher's ships in 1578 and never again seen.—[Drawings Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

CHILDREN BLOATED BY STARVATION; WOMEN TOO WEAK

PHOTOGRAPHS BY COLONEL F. L. THOMPSON, OF THE AMERICAN RELIEF

TO STAND: THE TERRIBLE FAMINE IN BOLSHEVIST RUSSIA.

ADMINISTRATION: EXCLUSIVE TO "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS."



"THESE PEOPLE HAVE NOWHERE TO LIVE IN MANY CASES BUT RAMSHACKLE DUG-OUTS INTO WHICH THEY CRAWL": TYPICAL SHELTERS



"WOMEN HAVE CRAWLED UP TO ME IN ORDER TO BEG FOR FOOD; THEY WERE TOO WEAK TO STAND": A STARVING WOMAN.



"IT IS PITIFUL TO SEE THE CHILDREN WITH BODIES PUFFED OUT SO UNNATURALLY": A LITTLE VICTIM, TYPICAL OF MANY.



"THIS WOMAN BEGGED FOR TWOPENCE TO GET TO A PRIEST TO CONFESS BEFORE SHE DIED": A STARVING WOMAN



"THE CHEEKS ARE PUFFED OUT, AND SO ARE THEIR FEET": A LITTLE GIRL WITH THE BLOATED FACE OF SEMI-STARVATION.



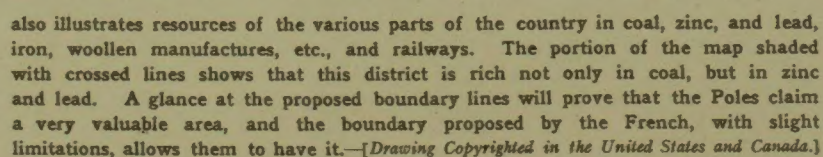
"THEY HAVE HAD NOTHING BUT GRASS TO EAT FOR WEEKS": PEASANT CHILDREN SUFFERING FROM THE "BLOAT" CAUSED BY SEMI-STARVATION.



"SO AWFUL ARE THEIR HUNGER PANGS THAT THEIR BODIES HAVE SWOLLEN AND BECOME BLOATED": A GROUP OF CHILDREN, NEARLY ALL "BLOATED" FROM THE EFFECTS OF SEMI-STARVATION.

These exclusive photographs of typical victims of the famine in Bolshevist Russia were taken by Col. F. L. Thompson, who took charge of the Brest-Litovsk-Pinsk area for the American Relief Administration of the European Children's Fund last April. The peasants, unable to walk owing to weakness and swollen bodies and feet, due to starvation, crawl into dug-outs and die. In the course of a statement to the "Evening Standard," Colonel Thompson said: "No one who has not seen this suffering can understand how ghastly it is. So awful are their hunger pangs that their bodies have swollen and become bloated. The cheeks are puffed out, and so are the feet. Touch the flesh with your finger, and only slowly does it return (as in the case of a punctured rubber ball). This bloated stage is the prelude to death." Colonel Thompson adds that thousands of people

are living on grass, which, with roots, is boiled in water in order to make a thin, unpalatable soup. This particular part of the Russian-Polish frontier has been in the midst of war since 1914 until early this year, for, apart from the Russian retreat, there have been two Bolshevist invasions. There has been no opportunity of getting a harvest; the place is devastated. The first of the international Conferences which are to consider means of relief began its sittings at Geneva on Monday last, August 15. It has been summoned by the League of Red Cross Societies, and is a very representative body, delegates being also in attendance representing the Vatican, the Young Women's Christian Association, and the Anti-Epidemic Commission of the League of Nations. Meanwhile the American Relief Committee is negotiating directly with Soviet delegates at Riga.



AT THE CONFERENCE ON SILESIA: SOME OF THE SUPREME COUNCIL.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CENTRAL NEWS AND ILLUSTRATIONS BUREAU.



PROMINENT MEMBERS OF THE COUNCIL IN PARIS: FRONT ROW (FROM LEFT TO RIGHT), THE MARQUESS CURZON OF KEDLESTON; MR. LLOYD GEORGE; M. BRIAND; SIGNOR BONOMI; MARCHESI DELLA TORRETTA; MR. HARVEY; BARON HAYASHI, AND VISCOUNT ISHII.



CHARGED WITH THE REPRESENTATION OF MILITARY VIEWS ON SILESIA: MARSHAL FOCH AND GENERAL WEYGAND AT THE CONFERENCE.

The above photographs show some of the principal personages at the meeting of the Supreme Council of the Allies in Paris, when it was decided to refer the question of Silesia to the Council of the League of Nations. The terms of reference are to be drafted by the Allied legal experts. It will then be open to the League to decide either to constitute an international tribunal to judge the question; to lay it before a special court of lawyers of international reputation; or to deal with it in a full sitting of the Council. The Council of the League of Nations is composed of representatives of Great Britain France, Italy, Japan,



IN GOOD HUMOUR: M. BRIAND (LEFT) JOKING WITH MR. LLOYD GEORGE.

Belgium, China, and Spain. The United States is entitled under the original charter to have a representative on the Supreme Council, but has not exercised that right. On the full assembly of the League, forty-eight States have representatives. All decisions, whether of the Assembly or of the Council, must, by the Covenant of the League, be unanimous to be binding. Viscount Ishii, the Japanese Ambassador in Paris, has been acting as President of the League, and it was expected that he would call a special meeting of the League for the beginning of next week, either in Paris or Geneva.



A MOUNTAIN THAT STANDS IN TWO COUNTRIES: THE MATTERHORN, ACROSS WHICH RUNS THE BOUNDARY OF ITALY AND SWITZERLAND.
PHOTOGRAPHED FROM AN AEROPLANE.

The first ascent of the famous Alpine peak, the Matterhorn, took place fifty-six years ago, and ended in a tragedy. Since then it has claimed fourteen other lives—a surprisingly small number considering the fact that it is not uncommon for fifty or sixty people to be on its peak in one day during the climbing season. Part of the mountain lies in Italy and part in Switzerland, the boundary of the two countries running across it. The first ascent was made in 1865, and four lives were lost, those of three British climbers—Lord Francis Douglas (whose body has never been recovered), the Rev. Charles Hudson, and Mr. Robert

Hadow; and a French guide. Of the other casualties which have occurred on the mountain most have been due to sudden changes in the weather and to falling stones. Strange to say, nine of them happened during the descent of the peak. There are now two shelter-huts near the summit, and the Matterhorn is not now considered, given good weather conditions, a difficult or dangerous ascent by the usual route, or even by Zmuttgrat, except for the risk of falling stones, which is nowadays, perhaps, the most fruitful source of accidents. An insufficiency of guides is also apt to cause disaster.

PHOTOGRAPH BY AD ASIRA AERO CO., LTD., ZURICH.

PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TOPICAL, RUSSELL, ELLIOTT AND FRY, LAFAYETTE, L.N.A., AND CENTRAL PRESS.



AN ARMY EDITOR DEAD:
CAPTAIN W. E. ROLSTON.



COMMODORE OF THE R.N.R.:
CAPTAIN SIR J. CHARLES.



A DISTINGUISHED ADMIRAL DEAD:
ADMIRAL SIR F. S. INGLEFIELD.



A RETIRING MAJOR-GEN.:
SIR E. CARTER, R.A.S.C.



A NEW PRIVY COUNCILLOR:
THE HON SRINIVASA SASTRI.



THE U.S. PRESIDENT'S FATHER RE-
MARRIED AT 76: DR. G. HARDING.



AN M.P. WHO DIED IN THE
HOUSE: MR. T. WINTRINGHAM.



NEW CANON OF WINDSOR:
CANON ALEXANDER NAIRNE.



A LABOUR M.P. DEAD:
MR. W. TYSON WILSON.



REPRESENTING HER HUSBAND, WHO WAS ENGAGED ON BUSINESS
ELSEWHERE: MRS. DE VALERA OPENING A BAZAAR IN WICKLOW.



HEADED BY MONSA KAZIM PASHA (PRESIDENT): THE PALESTINE
ARAB DELEGATION LEAVING THE COLONIAL OFFICE.



TO BE PROFESSOR OF HISTORY,
MONTREAL: MR. BASIL WILLIAMS.



NEW ARCHBISHOP OF MELBOURNE:
REV. J. HARRINGTON LEE.



WELL-KNOWN M.P. DEAD:
SIR EDWARD COATES.



AN EMINENT SCHOLAR DEAD:
SIR ALFRED DALE.

Capt. W. E. Rolston, founder and managing-editor of the "Cologne Post," the organ of the British Army of Occupation on the Rhine, was suddenly taken ill in his office at Cologne, and died.—Capt. Sir James Charles, Commander of the Cunard liner "Aquitania" and Commodore of the Cunard fleet, has been appointed Commodore on the Royal Naval Reserve list.—Admiral Sir F. S. Inglefield, K.C.B., whose death is announced, took part as a junior officer in operations in Egypt and the Soudan, was afterwards a Lord of the Admiralty, and on the outbreak of war with Germany was appointed to organise the Motor Boat Reserve.—Major-Gen. Sir Evan Carter, K.C.M.G., has just retired from his position of Director of Supplies and Transport at the War Office. As Director

of Supplies with the British Expeditionary Force from 1915 to 1918 he was responsible for the feeding of the British Armies in France during the greater part of the war.—Dr. George Harding, father of the President of the United States, has just re-married, at the age of 76. His bride, aged 52, is a nurse who assisted him in his practice.—Mr. Basil Williams, who during the past University year has been the Ford Lecturer at Oxford, has been appointed to the Chair of History at McGill University, Montreal.—Mr. Thomas Wintringham, Independent Liberal Member for the Louth Division of Lincolnshire, was taken ill in the House of Commons, and died there.—The Rev. J. Harrington Lee, M.A., has been appointed Archbishop of Melbourne, Australia.

SEAL-HUNTING BY AIR: A NEW ROMANCE OF AVIATION.

By EDGAR C. MIDDLETON.

THE story of man's conquest of the air has only just begun, for aviation is continually attacking new worlds. The latest advance has been made in alliance with the squatter, the trapper, and the hunter. Airmen recently have been assisting the hunters along the Grand Banks of Newfoundland in tracking down seals.

It happened in this way. A Newfoundland sealing captain who had returned to his calling from the war had watched the airmen hunting down U-boats among the grey wastes of the North Sea. He became aware of a certain similarity to his own business of sealing. There is something of the seal in a submarine, more than the fact that their habits are similar. The sealing captain put two and two together. An aerial observer who could spot the elongated form of a submarine from a distance of forty miles at 5000 feet should add many hundreds to the catch when it came to seal-hunting.

His idea materialised, and in March of this year there arrived at the Bay of Exploits, northward from which lie the great sealing grounds, a small party of British airmen. Led by Mr. F. S. Cotton, a young Australian, this party included another and a spare pilot, a couple of mechanics, and two machines, and forthwith they got to work erecting their hangar on the shores of the bay.

Within a few weeks they were flying out hundreds of miles over the ice, co-operating with the ships in the sealing. In all, they covered 2000 miles of the ice-fields, or something like 20,000 square miles, in the first expedition, one flight taking them very far from their base. This aerial co-operation assisted in a catch of 110,000 seals.

Belle Isle is the centre of the great seal fisheries. There the seals pass the winter. There the flipperlings—young seals—are born, and from there, as the ice begins to break up with the spring, they and their parents come floating southwards on huge blocks of ice. Every year, regular as clockwork, towards the end of February, the ice-floes start floating south. Every year, between March 21 and March 25, the entire seal nursery arrives off Fogo, where the sealing fleet waits their arrival.

The actual bagging of the seals is a comparatively simple matter. Immediately they are sighted, the entire ship's company take to the boats and, clambering on to the ice, club the seals over the head, skin them, and haul their skins and fat back to the ships, at the rate of thousands a day.

Like the old proverb, though, you must first catch your seal "before you sell his skin." In these vast seas it is no easy matter to track down even an army of 100,000 seals. From the time that the ice-floes arrive until the seals take to deep water again, far beyond the hunters' reach, is only a matter of a few weeks at most. In that brief spell either the sealers have made their catch, or they return to harbour empty-handed for another twelve months.

Sealing is one of the mainstays of the island. A bad season entails much poverty and hardship, and during the last few years of the war, the sealing business went from bad to worse. Another bad season would have meant bankruptcy for the sealers, and so they called in the wonderful observational powers of the aircraft.

On a clear day, and from a height of 5000 feet, the airmen had a view over the ice that extended to Belle Island, 150 miles away. At that same



THE RIGOURS OF FLYING OVER THE NEWFOUNDLAND ICE-FIELDS: A SEAL-HUNTING AEROPLANE'S THERMOMETER, WITH MOISTURE OF THE CABIN FROZEN SOLID BY THE INTENSE COLD.

Photographs by Mr. Edgar C. Middleton.

altitude it was possible to make out the dog teams on the surface of the ice below with the naked eye. Usually, however, the weather conditions the airmen had to endure were little short of appalling. For the most part the temperature stood at zero or below. Frequently they were forced to bring the machine down on to the ice, while a great deal of their time was spent in dodging blizzards—at the first sign turning and racing for the shore at full speed. Had they been overtaken by one they would never have returned to tell the tale.

So in their log-book we find the following typical entries: "Blowing very hard . . . 9 p.m., Blizzard. . . . Ice two feet deep. . . . Wind blowing about 90 m.p.h., could see nothing. . . . March 20th.—Made three attempts to get machine up from the ice. . . . Forced landing two miles out in the bay. . . . Warmed engine up with an oil lamp," etc. This warming up was a frequent

occurrence in a climate where boiling water froze stiff as it was poured out from a can, and the only way to get it into the radiators was actually to heat the metal parts of the engine.

To return to the log-book. One frequently runs across phrases like "A forced landing two miles out in the bay." Such landings were made on the surface of the ice at a speed of over forty-five miles an hour, the machine not pulling up for a hundred yards. Naturally, mishaps occurred—fortunately, none of them serious. Tail-skids would snap, and once the machine became so firmly embedded in a heavy snow-bank on the ice that it took three horses and a dozen men the best part of six hours to drag her free again.

Last sealing season the gales were the worst within living memory of the islanders. The inhabitants took to their huts and did not venture forth again till the full fury of the storm had vented itself. All the trains were snowed up for over a month, and the aeroplane was the only means of transport available. In the midst of the sealing work an urgent wire was received from the Postmaster-General of Newfoundland to fly out with a mail-bag to St. Anthony, an outlying island. Despite a heavy storm, the bag was delivered, and the plane returned again in safety.

The machine that Mr. Cotton was flying was a Westland, fitted with a Napier-Lion engine. In this same machine he made his famous flight 320 miles out and home across the ice-fields.

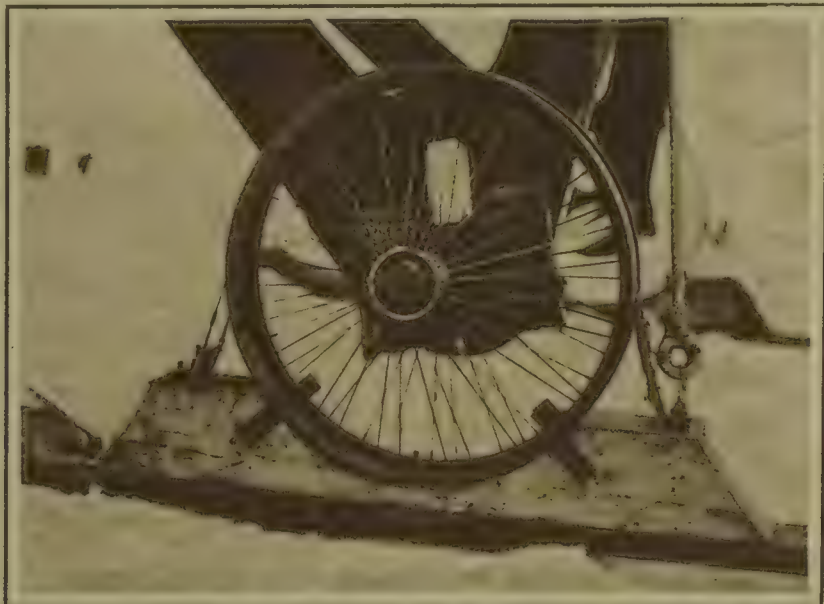
That day they carried an experienced sealing captain aboard, and he was able to track down the seals by certain signs on the ice surface. It was encrusted all over with low blunt ridges, or "pancake" ice. The prevailing wind was westerly, and, as neither of these conditions was conducive to a lair for young seals, he came to the conclusion that they had passed below a few hours previously and were now making off eastward for deep water. Shortly after they flew near the sealing fleet itself. They signalled to it by wireless: "Turn about! Sail east! The seals have passed below and are now making for the open sea." The sealers took the hint. Within twenty-four hours their catch totalled 110,000 seals.

Meanwhile, warned by change of wind and gathering clouds that a dreaded blizzard was approaching, the aeroplane turned for home at top speed. Barely had the airmen got the machine within its hangar before the blizzard broke, within a couple of hours piling up many feet of snow against the doors.

Nothing daunted by these adventures, Mr. Cotton is off again in a few weeks' time for Newfoundland. Next sealing they anticipate being at work weeks before the ships go out, and in the meantime are to give the fishermen a hand in spotting cod and take a turn with the whalers, out after sea-cows and humpback whales. An aerial mail service across the bay to Labrador is yet another experiment at which they are going to try their hand during the summer months.



FOR LANDING ON SNOW: SKI-LIKE RUNNERS FIXED UNDER THE LANDING-WHEELS OF AN AEROPLANE FOR A TEST.



SHOWING THE METHOD OF ATTACHING THE "SKI" TO THE AEROPLANE'S LANDING-WHEELS: A CLOSER VIEW OF THE UNDER-CARRIAGE.

SEAL - "SPOTTING" BY AEROPLANE SCOUTS: ADVENTUROUS FLYING OVER NORTHERN ICE-FIELDS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY

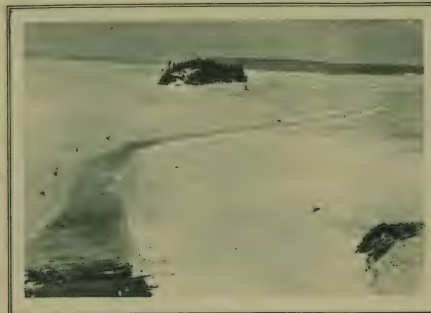
MR. F. S. COTTON.



WHERE TRAINS WERE SNOWED UP FOR A MONTH, AND THE AEROPLANE WAS THE ONLY MEANS OF TRANSPORT: CLEARING SNOW FROM THE HANGAR.



SEAL-HUNTING AEROPLANES: A "DE H.9" AND A "WESTLAND," IN WHICH A 320-MILES FLIGHT ACROSS THE ICE-FIELDS WAS MADE.



MARKED WITH BRANCHES PLACED AT INTERVALS TO GUIDE THE PILOT: A TRACK CLEARED FOR THE AEROPLANES TO TAKE OFF AND LAND.



TAKING OFF IN EIGHTEEN INCHES OF WATER ON THE ICE AFTER A THAW: ONE OF THE SEAL-HUNTING AEROPLANES STARTING ON A FLIGHT.



SHOWING THE AEROPLANE HANGAR IN THE CENTRE: A PANORAMIC VIEW OF THE BAY OF EXPOITS,



NEWFOUNDLAND, THE AIRMEN'S BASE FOR FLIGHTS OVER THE GREAT SEALING GROUNDS LYING TO THE NORTH.



WORK IN WHICH THE AEROPLANES CO-OPERATED BY SCOUTING FOR SEALS: A SEALING PARTY ON LOOSE ICE IN NEWFOUNDLAND.



"YOU MUST FIRST CATCH YOUR SEAL BEFORE YOU SELL HIS SKIN": NEWFOUNDLAND SEALERS TOWING WHOLE SEALS TO THEIR SHIP.

As Mr. Edgar Middleton mentions in his article on another page, the idea of using aeroplanes for seal-hunting first occurred to a Newfoundland sealing captain who served during the war in the North Sea, and noted the similarity between his own business and the hunting of U-boats by aircraft. The result was that last March a small party of British airmen, with two machines, arrived at the Bay of Exploits, where they soon erected a hangar. "Within a few weeks," continues Mr. Middleton, they were flying out hundreds of miles, co-operating with the ships in the sealing. In all, they covered 2000 miles of the ice-fields, or something like 20,000 square miles, in 23 hours of flying.



PART OF A CATCH OF 110,000 SEALS TOWARDS WHICH THE AEROPLANES LENT VALUABLE HELP: A "PAN" OF SEALS.



"EVERY YEAR BETWEEN MARCH 21 AND 25 THE ENTIRE SEAL NURSERY ARRIVES OFF FOGO": A PRIME YOUNG HARP BAGGED IN NEWFOUNDLAND.

one flight taking them out 175 miles from their base. This aerial co-operation assisted in a catch of 110,000 seals. . . . Usually the weather conditions the airmen had to endure were little short of appalling. For the most part the temperature stood at zero, or below. Frequently they were forced to bring the machine down on to the ice, while a great deal of their time was spent in dodging blizzards, at the first sign turning and racing for the shore at full speed. Had they been overtaken by one, they would never have returned to tell the tale." We may add that Mr. Edgar Middleton is the author of "The Great War in the Air," and other books.

AN EX-GERMAN BATTLE-SHIP AS A NAVAL TARGET: REALISTIC GUNNERY PRACTICE BY A BRITISH MONITOR.

DRAWN BY NORMAN

WILKINSON, R.O.I., R.I



"THE FLASH OF THE MONITOR'S GUN WAS FOLLOWED INSTANTLY BY
AT SHORT RANGE ON AN

A GREAT PLUME OF VELVETY SMOKE": THE EFFECT OF HEAVY GUN FIRE
EX-ENEMY BATTLE-SHIP.

Even during holiday time, the activities of the British Navy never cease, and the lessons of the war are constantly being applied in a practical form, the ships of the ex-enemy fleet providing good target practice for our naval gunners. In the above illustration the ex-German battle-ship "Baden" is shown being used as a target. In some notes accompanying his drawing Mr. Norman Wilkinson says: "Whilst sailing recently off the South Coast of England, I witnessed a most interesting incident. An ex-German battle-ship of the latest type—a sorry-looking object now, rusted and dirty—was under fire from a monitor, the latter using her heavy guns at short range. The flash of the monitor's

gun was followed instantly by a great plume of velvety smoke rising to a considerable height, whilst on the battle-ship's lee side a series of brilliantly white columns of water rose in rapid succession as the pieces of shell or portions of the ship ricocheted away into the distance. Soon after the smoke had drifted away, little launches hurried over to the vessel, apparently bent on inspection of the damage." Vessels confiscated by the Allies from the Germans are now frequently used for experimental purposes by the Powers concerned. Photographs of the bombing of the "Frankfurt" by American airmen were given in our last issue.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]



THE WORLD OF MUSIC.

By EDWARD J. DENT.



OPERA IN OUR LANGUAGE.

AS a result of my article a fortnight ago on the new co-operative British National Opera Company, there has reached me a letter from America, signed by Mrs. Archibald Freer, a composer in Chicago, who is organising an "Opera in Our Language Foundation," the object of which is to start an American opera company, first in Illinois, and eventually in every State in the Union. We are accustomed to imagine that music, and especially opera, is much better off in America than it is with us. All the great singers and players go to America and make fortunes there. They tend more and more to pass England over; since the war we can no longer afford to pay their fees. But apparently the Americans are beginning to find out that the importation of stars does not really do very much good for the music of the country as a whole. "To-day," says the *Musical Courier*, "opera, except comic opera, is not an American institution at all." Apparently several English opera companies have toured the States, with fair success, at one time or another; whether the writer means American companies singing in English, or companies sent out from England, I do not quite understand. An American company seems also to have done well with "Madame Butterfly." "Of course," says the critic, "that succeeded: an American story with American characters and an American name." That it should have succeeded for this reason is indeed strange, for the American characters in "Madame Butterfly" do not reflect much credit on the national morality. Yet even these performances, I gather, have not left much impression on the American mind. To musical America opera seems still to mean, as it did to Walt Whitman, "Italian music in Dakota." It is gratifying to think that in England we are not so badly off, after all.

But the ladies of Chicago—the committee and officers of this movement are all ladies—are determined to stir up the American composers as well as the American public. Between the acts of "Il Trovatore," the Azucena, Miss Alice Gentle, grants an interview to the *Chicago Daily News*. She loves mellow old romantic Europe, she says, but "allegre same, I'd like to forget those foreign operas just once and sing in a thrilling new American opera. The real thing, you know. Not a clumsy remodelling of shop-worn Italian, German, or French work. Something as Yankee and as beautiful as a Kansas alfalfa field at sunrise, when the sweetish, dewy smells make you dizzy with Pollyanna emotions." Mrs. Freer suggests as subjects for a real American opera "Uncle Tom's Cabin," the stories of Lincoln and Washington, texts from Dickens, Scott, or Thackeray. "Martin Chuzzlewit," perhaps? I observe that she makes no mention of Mark Twain or Bret Harte, nor yet of "The Girl of the Golden West." After all, Americans know more about their own country than Italian librettists do. Miss Gentle certainly does. "I'll give 'em a theme," she resumed abruptly, when she came back to her dressing-room after the second act. "It must be Main Street. America's story is the story of the small town. The tragedies and the heartbreaks and the grimness of the small American town. There is dramatic artistry there. And a religious fervour unknown in mediæval Europe, and hot puffs of hatred and beautiful sacrifices and lyrical motifs of great power. Consider the Puritan emigration from New England to Kansas and Nebraska! The molding and odd twists of character on those bleak, cruel middle-western prairies! The transitions from the prairie schooner to the flivver periods, and the dramatic clashing in men's souls! The firm setting of jaws against those who sinned

or day-dreamed or ached for beauty! It's coming—the opera of Main Street. And as American as apple-pie, wheat-cakes, corn in the cob, barbecues, Mississippi river steamboats, one-night stands, and mail-order houses. And, say, I'm going to sing in that opera!"

After that catalogue of things really American—it sounds, somehow, rather like those lists of:

PLAYING IN THE PROMENADE CONCERTS AT THE QUEEN'S HALL: MISS MYRA HESS.



A PIANIST-COMPOSER AT THE QUEEN'S HALL: MR. YORK BOWEN.



A WELL-KNOWN LADY COMPOSER AT THE QUEEN'S HALL: DR. ETHEL SMYTH.



A WELL-KNOWN PIANIST AT THE QUEEN'S HALL: MR. LEONARD BORWICK.

Miss Myra Hess, the well-known pianist, is to play Beethoven compositions on Friday, August 26. The season runs from August 13 to October 22.—Mr. York Bowen arranged to play his Concerto No. 2, in D minor, on Wednesday, August 17.—Dr. Ethel Smyth arranged to conduct her overture to "The Bosun's Mate," on Tuesday, August 16.—Mr. Leonard Borwick arranged to play Beethoven's Concerto No. 5, in E flat, ("Emperor"), on Friday, August 19.

Photographs by Elliott and Fry.

wedding-presents that occur in what our folk-song enthusiasts call "cumulative" songs—one may have some idea of what an American libretto will

be like. One thing is certain—that if Miss Gentle's ideal opera ever passes into the repertory of opera companies in England, it will require a translator almost as much as "Madame Butterfly"!

The circular leads me to suppose that the promoters hope to establish a separate committee in each State to work up the organisation, and eventually a separate opera company belonging to each separate State. In view of the comparative distances in America and in the British Isles, it may at first seem absurd to suggest that in this matter we may learn something from the Americans. It is easy enough, it will be said by the practical man, for two or three companies such as we already possess to tour all the towns in Great Britain and Ireland which are likely to provide profitable audiences. But Mrs. Freer's letter suggests to my imagination much wider possibilities. An opera company belonging to one State would have a certain local interest. It would work within a definitely limited area, and would therefore have more stability. Its management might feel that, if it succeeded in making profits in one or two large towns, it could afford to go in a missionary spirit to give performances in small ones, where the inhabitants have little or no chance of hearing opera, even if such missionary journeys involved a loss. And the company might feel that as a whole it had in its local capital some sort of a home, where it might establish a depot for material, and probably a training school as well—a centre which could give the members of the company some sort of feeling that they were not always on the road. Consequently, there might be more adequate rehearsal, more careful preparation, more humanity in the lives of the performers, more pride in operatic enterprise on the part of the citizens who formed the audiences.

It is the artistic ruin of our travelling opera companies, and of all our travelling theatrical companies, that they depend upon an imaginary London reputation. It is not so much the railway and the motor-coach that have linked up the country places with London as the cheap illustrated papers. Leeds or Sheffield may wish to have their own local universities, but they do not want their own permanent theatre and opera, like Frankfurt or Nuremberg. The provinces want what they believe are London successes. All they get in the case of plays is a series of companies of understudies, aping their London models to the best of their ability. In the case of opera they do a little better, it may be. The provincial reputation of the travelling opera companies is a much more honest affair. But it is absurd to imagine in most cases that their performances are "London successes." The travelling opera companies come to London; but, even if they draw good audiences there, they are not really up to London standards. If they were, they would establish themselves there permanently. The Press is always kind to them, for the sake of encouraging opera in English, however mediocre the achievement may be. If they had permanent homes somewhere, and permanent audiences to take a pride in them and idolise them, they might improve.

What I admire about this American movement is the enterprise of American ladies in taking the matter up. What are our ladies doing? Can they not even take a pride in the work of the most gifted woman composer that the world has yet seen?

SPAIN'S LITTLE WAR: FIGHTING THE RIFF INSURGENTS IN MOROCCO.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CENTRAL NEWS.



DESTROYED BY SPANISH GUNFIRE, TO DRIVE OUT THE REBELS:
THE RUINED VILLAGE OF LEGUNDO CASELA.



A RESULT OF THE SPANISH BOMBARDMENT: A GAP
IN A WALL MADE BY A SHELL.



EMPLOYED AS GUIDES TO THE SPANISH FORCES:
MOORS OF A RIFFIAN TRIBE.



THE BURIAL OF A SPANISH COLONEL WHO FELL IN THE RECENT FIGHTING: THE BODY
OF COLONEL MORALES, WHICH WAS RECOVERED FROM THE ENEMY.



IN THE MELILLA ZONE, WHICH HAS BEEN HEAVILY FORTIFIED BY THE SPANIARDS:
A MACHINE-GUN SECTION DISEMBARKING.



AFTER THE SPANISH EVACUATION OF NADOR: THE GARRISON BOARDING
A TRAIN FOR TRANSPORTATION TO MELILLA.

Spain has been waging war against the tribesmen of Morocco for eleven years, but the present insurrection of the Riff tribes is the most serious outbreak which has occurred since the Barrengo-de Lobo disaster, which, in 1909, was the origin of the Barcelona revolt. One of the early causes of trouble was the massacre of Spanish workmen who were constructing a light railway in the Melilla area in 1909. In the present operations the Spanish forces under General Silvestre suffered a severe defeat, and the General and Colonel Morales, one of his Staff officers, were killed. The rumour that General Silvestre committed suicide has

been denied. Since then Nador has been re-occupied by the Spanish forces. It is stated that public subscriptions are being set on foot in all parts of the country to provide armoured cars, aeroplanes, and other equipment, a number of people having each undertaken to purchase an aeroplane. On the other hand, demonstrations have been held in Madrid against reinforcing the Moroccan garrisons. It is demanded that Morocco should be evacuated by the Spanish forces rather than that a colonial war should be prosecuted, with consequent increased taxation.

LADIES' NEWS.

TOWN is by no means a wilderness—it is, in fact, very attractive when one has been out of it a fortnight, and is preparing to go North soon. There is no crowd in Bond Street or on the shady side of Piccadilly, which has been preferred to the sunny side this long dry summer. Regent Street and Oxford Street seem much as usual; if there were as many genuine shoppers as there are shop-window gazers, there would be fine fortunes made in those thoroughfares. At the moment there is a coming and going among the best known people. Many shooting parties assembled for the "Twelfth," which fell on a Friday, but apparently proved auspicious. The King went to Bolton Abbey to shoot with the Duke of Devonshire, fresh back from Canada. The Abbey itself is a picturesque ruin; in the enclosure in which it stands is a fine stone-built house which the Dukes of Devonshire use as a shooting lodge. The moors are within short motor journeys, and the birds early and plentiful. As the King is one of the three best shots in the kingdom, and as shooting is a very favourite sport of his, we may be sure that his Majesty has had a good time. The Queen meets the King this week, and they travel to Balmoral for a real good holiday. Her Majesty had some friends to see and some work to superintend before leaving town.

Shooting and fishing people are busy with preparations for holidays. Some women are buying small-bore guns, and are very surprised at the price thereof. Others, who already possessed these, are stocking cartridges—also expensive items. Fishing-rods, walking-sticks, shooting-seats are being bought, and trout and salmon flies of the most varied kind. It is to be a real sport season. The inner man and woman, however, is not to be neglected. Despite the fact that Morel Brothers, Cobbett, and Son are the only London grocers and wine merchants with a branch in Inverness, their shop at 22 and 24, Buckingham Palace Road is doing a roaring business in sending stores and specialties to shooting lodges, country houses, yachts, and seaside temporary residences; also to those who are touring by motor, and know better than to trust altogether to the resources of inns and hostels. Once again Morels can supply those much-appreciated specialties for which they are famous, but some of which were unobtainable in war time. Their olive-oil is indispensable to the real enjoyment of salad and of dishes in which oil is an ingredient; they have it directly imported as crushed from the olives grown on the hills of Buti—the finest known for all table and culinary purposes. Another

specialty is Morels' coarse-cut Scotch marmalade; this special cutting in accordance with an old recipe secures a delicious fulness of flavour and all the



CARRIED OUT IN CHESTNUT-BROWN CHIFFON:
AN AFTERNOON GOWN.

Chestnut-brown is the colour of this delightful simple afternoon dress; but lest it should look too sober, it boasts a lining of white satin.—[Photograph by O'Doyé.]

beneficial qualities which first-rate marmalade ought to have. All kinds of foreign delicacies, fine wines and liqueurs—everything, in fact, that is of the best

in provisions, confectionery, and fruits, cigars and cigarettes—is being freely ordered from Morel Brothers by those who know the ropes of comfortable catering, either at home or away from it.

Miss Mona Gough's wedding to Captain Ivan Guthrie last week was not at all like an out-of-season wedding. The bride is the younger daughter of the late Colonel the Hon. H. G. Gough, C.B., and of the Hon. Mrs. Gough; and the bridegroom the eldest surviving son of Captain and Mrs. Guthrie, of Guthrie Castle, Forfarshire. He comes of a well-known Scotch family, and the bride's forebears settled in Ireland in 1616. Consequently, she chose to wear white heather and shamrocks in the silver bandeau holding her tulle bridal veil. Her attire was all white and silver and beautiful old lace; and her attendant maids—two of them wee girlics—were like water-nymphs in moiré cloth-of-silver, and head-dresses to match all draped with water-lily leaf-green tulle. Each carried bulrushes and river reeds. They were Miss Brocklehurst, tall and svelte and pretty, and the Hon. Myvida Kenyon and Miss Verona Lockett. There were three boys as pages too, and they wore green linen suits; two were Michael and Anthony, sons of Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. Sturdy, nephews of Viscount Gough; the other was the Hon. Lloyd Kenyon, the twin-brother of the little bridesmaid. Viscount Gough, who lost an arm in the war, and Captain Cecil Howard, the bride's brother-in-law, were the ushers; and there were a considerable number of well-known people present, and all had white heather and shamrock favours.

We shall soon have a handsome Marchioness added to our Peeresses of that rank in the person of Lady Emma Thynne, the second daughter of the Marquess and Marchioness of Bath, who will ere long be married to the Marquess of Northampton. He is not only one of the best matches, from the worldly point of view, in England, but he is a good soldier and a thoroughly nice man. He has only one near relative, his sister, Lady Loch, who is married to a fine soldier, and is herself delightful. The bride's elder sister was married in 1919 to Lord Sheffield's second son, who served with distinction in the war. He is Major the Hon. Oliver Stanley, and has sometimes been confused with Lord Derby's second son, whose courtesy title and name is the same. The bride's younger sister is only just out, her presentation having been officially made at the King's Garden Party. Viscount Weymouth, the only son of Lord and Lady Bath, is in his seventeenth year. His elder brother, who was in the Scots Greys, was killed in the war in February 1916. A. E. L.

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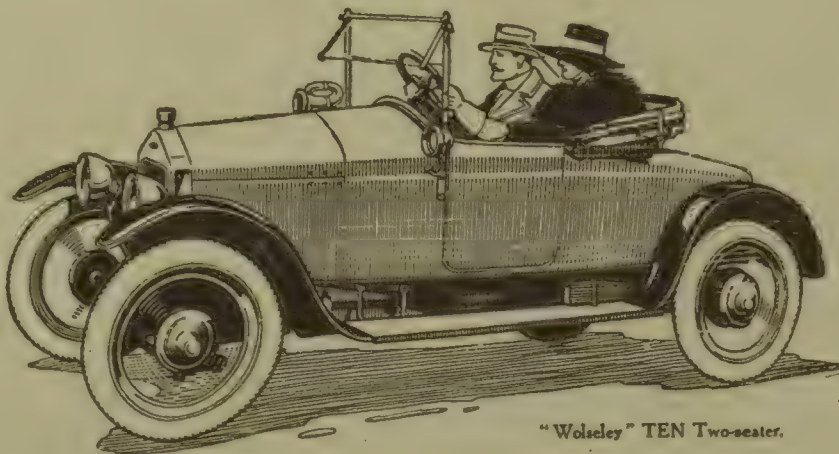
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Dear old Dad,

Bridgecombe,
Monday.

Thanks ever so much for your long letter ! Of course I can use the Kodak you gave me—anybody could ! Here are some of my pictures—one of our cottage with tea ready in the garden and another of us all off for a bathe. The other two are of a picnic lunch we had at the foot of the cliffs—isn't the snapshot of mother jolly ? Now *do* leave your stuffy old office and come down here !

Your loving daughter,

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THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

Springs and Shock Absorbers. Until some new and revolutionary system of shock-absorbing suspension is discovered—something that will really take up all the inequalities of the road—or until roads are made as the proverbial billiard-table, there will always be discussion and dispute about the springing of motor-cars. In one of the technical journals there has been quite an acrimonious argument lately regarding the qualities of the ideal shock-absorber, but it does not seem to have taken us much farther on the road to theoretical perfection. This is one of the most vexed questions of motor-car design. Is it possible to design a suspension system which will function perfectly under all conditions of load, speed, and road surface? My own view is that this depends very largely upon the weight of the vehicle itself in relation to the load it is called upon to carry. If we take the case of the car which weighs, let us say, two tons, it is possible to design springs which will do their work with perfect smoothness and damp out all and every kind of shock set up by the very worst road surface. On the other hand, the springs of a car weighing fifteen hundredweights cannot perform the same function adequately, and must be assisted by some auxiliary form of shock-absorber if the same comfort is to be obtained. It is easy to see the reason for this. In the case of the big car, assuming that four passengers are usually carried, the average variation of load does not exceed 12 per cent.; while in that of the smaller vehicle it will never be less than 16 per cent., and may often be as much as 33 per cent. Obviously, it is far easier to design a satisfactory suspension system for the one with the smaller load variation than for the other in which the margin is so much wider. The springs which will do their work admirably under a given load will be harsh if overloaded, and too lively if loaded much below the normal for which they are designed. The smaller the difference of passenger load in relation to the total weight the springs are called upon to carry, the easier the suspension will be under varied conditions of road surface and running.

A part of the controversy to which I have referred has turned about the exact type of auxiliary shock-absorber which should be employed, where such devices are necessary at all. I am not particularly concerned with the theory of the matter, but I



ON THE ROAD IN BUCKINGHAMSHIRE: A SIX-CYLINDER SUNBEAM TOURING CAR NEAR IWER.

do happen to have had a good deal of practical experience of various devices of the kind, and the conclusion I have reached is that any such auxiliary which checks the upward movement of the spring under shock must be ruled out. What is needed is that the



ABOUT TO LEAVE CROYDON AERODROME IN A VICKERS-VIMY MACHINE FOR PARIS, BRUSSELS, AND AMSTERDAM: MR. H. N. GILBEY AND HIS REPRESENTATIVES.

rebound of the spring should be damped, and any device which effects this and still allows the spring to flatten upwards when the road wheels strike unequal surfaces is much nearer right than the one which operates both ways. I know there are arguments the other way, but they are mainly theoretical and academic. It is the road which, after all, is the ultimate test of all such inventions and devices.

A Light Car Race.

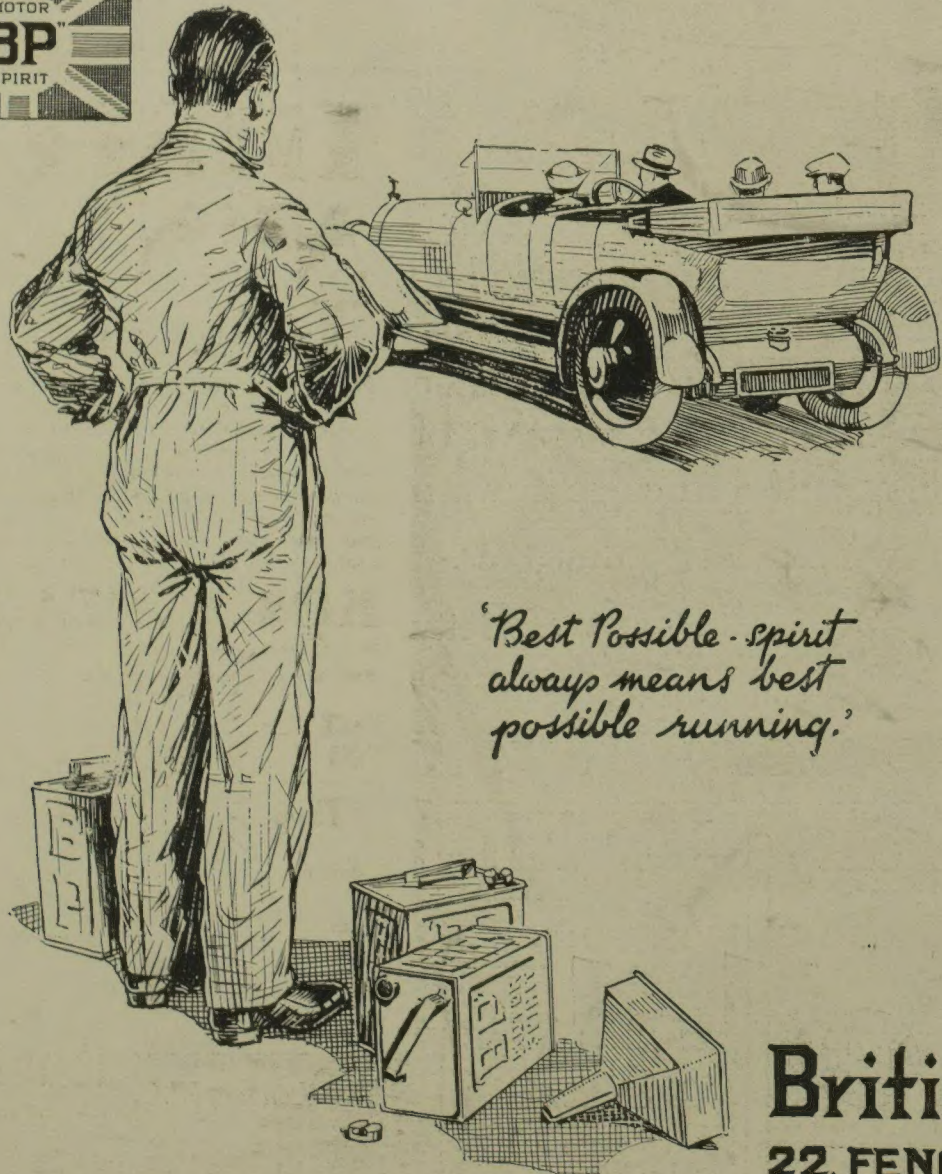
There is to be a race for light cars on the Grand Prix circuit at Le Mans next month, but it does not look as though British manufacturers were inclined to risk money and reputation by taking part. So far, I believe, two British cars, a Hillman and an Alvis, have been entered. The precise value of such a race to the British industry seems to me to be a little problematical. We know that the British light car is a good car, and that, price for price, there is nothing comparable. Whether, then, it is policy to go in for races such as this, and to measure the practically standard product against specially built racing cars is a matter that can only be left to the decision of those most nearly concerned.

The light-car race which is to be run over a distance of 200 miles at Brooklands on October 22 is in another category altogether, and I am strongly of opinion that it is an event in which every light-car manufacturer ought to participate. We want to see all the doubtful propositions eliminated, and such a race will undoubtedly do that. It may be objected that 200 miles at Brooklands is not comparable with a road race of the same length. That may be agreed; but I do say that such a track race forms a most searching test, and, moreover, it is a real trial of the car rather than of the skill of the driver. Road races, car merit being equal, are won by the best and most daring driver. The track event on Brooklands is won by the car that travels fastest and stands up to the stress, so the winner of the October race must be a car of sterling quality. I used to be rather against long-distance track races as tests of merit, but my experience in the R.A.C. Standard Car race of 1912 completely altered my point of view. W. W.

In sending us a copy of their booklet, "The Shaver's Kit," which contains a very interesting account of the making of a razor, Messrs. Osborne Garrett and Co. point out that the Kropp razor is an all-British product, being both made and ground in Sheffield.



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THE PLAYHOUSES.

"QUALITY STREET." REVIVED AT THE HAYMARKET.

IT makes some of us feel old to be reminded that "Quality Street" is twenty years of age, and that all that time has gone by since Sir James Barrie's delightfully whimsical little idyll and Miss Ellaline Terriss as its heroine, Phoebe, took our hearts by storm. There is one consolation, however, and there is one reassuring feature about the reminder as brought home to us by the revival of the play at the Haymarket. The piece at any rate shows no signs of age or of faded charms—it pleases this generation just as much as the last. It is reassuring to find the fragrance still there, and our judgment of twenty years ago not made foolish by the passage of years. It is a moot point, indeed, whether this new revival of 1921 does not go better even than that at the Duke of York's in 1913; so far from the war altering our values of it, its references to an earlier European war seem rather to gain in point. If there is no need, fortunately, to make excuses for former enthusiasm, neither is there any need to institute comparisons between the old interpreters and the new. Phoebe proves equally charming whether she is represented by an Ellaline Terriss, a Cathleen Nesbitt, or, as now, by such a favourite of everyone as Miss Fay Compton. If this young actress satisfies the most exacting taste, so again does Mr. Leon Quartermaine in the rôle originally associated with Mr. Seymour Hicks; and who could ask for anything better than the Susan of Miss Mary Jerrold, or the servant-maid of Miss Hilda Trevelyan? The play deserved as good a cast as could be found to-day,

and has got it. No, we were not wrong about "Quality Street."

"THE EDGE O' BEYOND." AT THE GARRICK.

"The Edge o' Beyond" has its scenes laid in Rhodesia, life in which most of us associate, rightly or wrongly, with strenuous effort. In the play which Mr. Roy Horniman and Miss Ruby Miller have adapted from a novel of Miss Gertrude Page, there appear and reappear in chorus fashion a trio of young English settlers who are meant, presumably, to indicate the Rhodesian atmosphere of the story; and if they do, "The Edge o' Beyond" might well seem a paradise for the loafer, for their main function is to sit about smoking their pipes and drinking pegs of whisky. The sister of one of them is expected out from England, and she is soon added to the *dramatis personæ*, along with a married couple who are on bad terms. In this sort of fairy-tale a girl who visits the Colonies is always sure to strike a lover there, and the wife of a villain as sure to be able to rely on an honest man's devotion. The conventions are faithfully followed here when Dinah attracts at once a young farmer, and Mrs. Grant, whose husband is cruel alike to animals and women, obtains a doctor's quiet attentions. The stage is thus set for sentimental possibilities; and where would your drama of sentiment be without scenes of parting and the wringing of hearts? So Dinah and doctor alike must go home, leaving sadness behind in Rhodesia. And, of course, they must come back, and this time something must really happen. The happenings come with a rush. The doctor declares his love for Joyce Grant in her husband's hearing. Dinah accepts her farmer, and the villain-husband is conveniently removed from earth by the kick of a mule. "When you are going to deal out happiness to your

characters," author or adaptors would appear to have argued, "it is as well to do it thoroughly." Well, that is the sort of tale we are offered just now at the Garrick, and those who like "lollypops" in the theatre will doubtless like it very much. There is Mr. Basil Rathbone in the cast, and Miss Ruby Miller herself; but the acting of real note is provided by Miss Doris Lloyd in the part of the unhappy wife: her performance on the first night had moments of intensity that were worth waiting for.

It is announced that for British subjects travelling by the Great Eastern Railway Company's special week-end excursions at reduced fares to Belgium via Harwich-Zeebrugge, a passport is no longer essential. These excursions provide a clear 18-hour Sunday in Belgium. The fares are £3 15s., first class; £3 4s., second class rail and first class steamer, and £2 10s. 6d. second class.

A new train built by the South Eastern and Chatham Railway is now running in the 11.0 a.m. service from Victoria to Dover, and the 5.55 p.m. from Dover to Victoria, composed of new corridor coaches vestibuled to Pullman cars, so that all passengers can have lunch or dinner served in the carriages. A new feature is the provision of a special coupé for card-players, seating four passengers.

Commencing on Saturday, 20th inst., the South Eastern and Chatham Railway will issue first, second, and third class tickets, at about single fare and one-third, available from Saturday to following Sunday or Monday, to Bexhill, Broadstairs, Dover, Folkestone, Hastings, Herne Bay, Margate, Ramsgate, St. Leonards, Sheerness, Tunbridge Wells, Whitstable, and other stations.



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